7th Times The Charm

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7th Times The Charm

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Summary

When Hannibal Lecter kidnapped his latest victim, local Baker Will Graham, he was not expecting his entire life to change when he looked into his eyes.

Or

A soulmate AU, but only Hannibal and Will are soulmates and Hannibal remembers their last 7 lives together whenever he looks into Will eyes for the first time.

Each chapter will be one of the lives he sees. In every single one they are cannibals but for different reasons and they are not always the same gender.

First two chapters are just set up but after that each chapter is kind of like it's own one-shot period piece. The last chapter is back in the present in case of any confusion.

Notes

First chapter is the shortest

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Soul mates are rare finds.

So rare in fact there's probably only one pair existing in one world in one time period at a time. They travel together through each life and to different worlds and times as they die. In each new life only one of them gets to remember the past seven lives. It's always random who gets to remember next and they all have different ways of remembering.

For Hannibal and Will it's always been the first time they lock eyes. Such a frustrating thing to experience. Given how... complicated and stubborn they both could be no matter what life they were in, it was a real bitch to get the other to finally understand what they were to each other. It also was quiet the tragic realization to know they could never recall more then seven life times back.

Still, there were some comforts to it all. Some things and elements to their lives that seemed to always end up the same. They took comfort in that. It help to make things better in those lonely times when you remembered your love but your Love didn't remember you.

Hannibal has always been particularly fond of his... diet to get him by.

Chapter 2

Hannibal gave a small, barely noticeable, grunt as he hefted the shaggy haired man up with chains by his feet.

Stringing him up, alive, to his cellar ceiling. Planning to bleed and drain him. The man in question was glaring or possibly squinting at Hannibal, trying to see him pass the blood rushing down from the small cut on his head. His body lax and he wasn't even chewing at the gag anymore. Fully giving up to his fate and just hoping for it to be over quickly. That more surprised Hannibal than disappointed him.

He'd been watching the man for a while. He worked at the local bakery that Hannibal enjoyed to frequent. Not for the food but their raw material. They actually sold some pretty quality flour and other such natural ingredients alongside their baked goods. Hannibal typically wouldn't go for someone so close to something he frequented regularly and could be associated with but there was just something about the associate baker, Will Graham.

He'd caught Hannibal's eye from the moment he first saw him and hadn't lost it since. After a while, Hannibal found himself looking for excuse just to go to the shop and restock. Overusing his supply and putting on more dinner parties than usual just to run out of product faster. He went so often that after a while he had the man's schedule memorized and that led to following him home and learning about other aspects of his life. Hannibal found himself unintentionally becoming a stalker. He was even adjusting his own schedule just to make time for it. All the while struggling to understand what had him so enraptured by the neurotypical, anti-social, yet pleasant man. Even his occasional, often, rude behavior didn't bother Hannibal like with others. He just didn't feel the rage he's come to expect with such behavior.

Eventually Hannibal came to the conclusion that he must just be a particular delicacy. That Hannibal might finally be content when Will was on his dinner plate. That led to a *long* time of intensive planning. Not just his usual type either. Hannibal found himself *stalling* .

Indecisive in what he planned to make. How he planned to kill the man. How he wished ot leave his body. How, for the first time ever, he cared about the process being pain-free. The whole thing was becoming a chore that he seriously didn't want to do.

He's never done that before.

This weird emotional attachment that made absolutely no sense just made him all the more sure that he needed to get this done. It disconcerted him to feel this way about some random man he'd only even spoken to on a couple of occasion and never seriously in depth.

Which is how they ended up the way they were now. Hannibal breaking into the man's house and attempting to drug him. Apparently though Hannibal wasn't as sneaky as he thought because Will certainly knew he was coming. He'd been ready and he'd put up one Hell of a fight. Hannibal would most definitely be wearing some foundation to hide the man bruises all over his face and body. No amount of covering was going to hide it. It was only with the

combination of a plate across Will's head and a shot from the sedative did the man finally go down. It gave Hannibal a greater thrill than he's had in a long time.

Given how strong of a fight he put up earlier in the night Hannibal was genuinely surprised that Will was being so compliant now. It was odd to see how much he'd just resigned himself. There was no defiance in his eyes, he almost looked annoyed by the whole thing. Yet clearly held no belief he was getting out of this. He was just *so* accepting of his death in this moment. Hannibal's never had a future meal act this way. Weirdly enough he also felt no need to taunt him in this state. To *make* him fear Hannibal. He... he didn't want that. He just wanted this to be over and for his strange emotions to fade with the flicker of life in Will's eyes once he slit his throat.

Having said that Hannibal finds himself delaying again. Being far too meticulous in the laying out of his weapons, taking his slow time to get clean himself and redress properly, letting the blood rush to Will's head so much from his angle the man's face was beginning to turn red. His eyes looking more hazed and dizzy then annoyed or resentful anymore.

His eyes...

Hannibal has never had the honor of a proper look in them. The man was very averse to eye contact and Hannibal had never found the perfect chance to really *look* into them. He might as well before killing him right? Besides, Will deserved to die with a clean face.

Taking a wet rag he gently reached out and slid it across the man's face and even a little in his hair cleaning him up. Will's eyes narrowing in suspicious and confusion at the care and touch. Given the other people hanging next to him frozen and bled out he likely guessed what was going to happen to him and couldn't think of a reason why Hannibal would care to clean him up at all. Hannibal felt no need to explain his feelings. It's not like he could properly anyways, for once in his life there was something about himself that he couldn't understand, that he couldn't put into words.

"Let me get those." Hannibal said absently reaching out for Will's glasses and carefully placing them on his tray. Will watching him with still distrusting eyes and eyes fluttering as blood started to drip into them. Hannibal moved forward and wiped it away from him again when Will's eyes such out of necessity. Unable to see with the red liquid dripping down his face still. Hannibal knew it was unnecessary but he even grabbed a small bandage to help with that other cut on his cheek to avoid it happening again. More stalling on his part.

When he finished cleaning up Will face, he wiped the cut once more before placing the clean bandage on top. Taking notice how Will still didn't open his eyes. Not moving away from his face and their perfectly aligned eyes Hannibal gave a soft sigh on contemplation. Wanting to see those blue hues.

"You can open your eyes now." Hannibal said, he didn't expect Will to do it but was glad when he did. For the first time the two of them finally making perfect eye contact. Hannibal stared into those gorges irises as they narrowed and glared back at his much too close face.

Then his world turned upside down.

End Notes

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